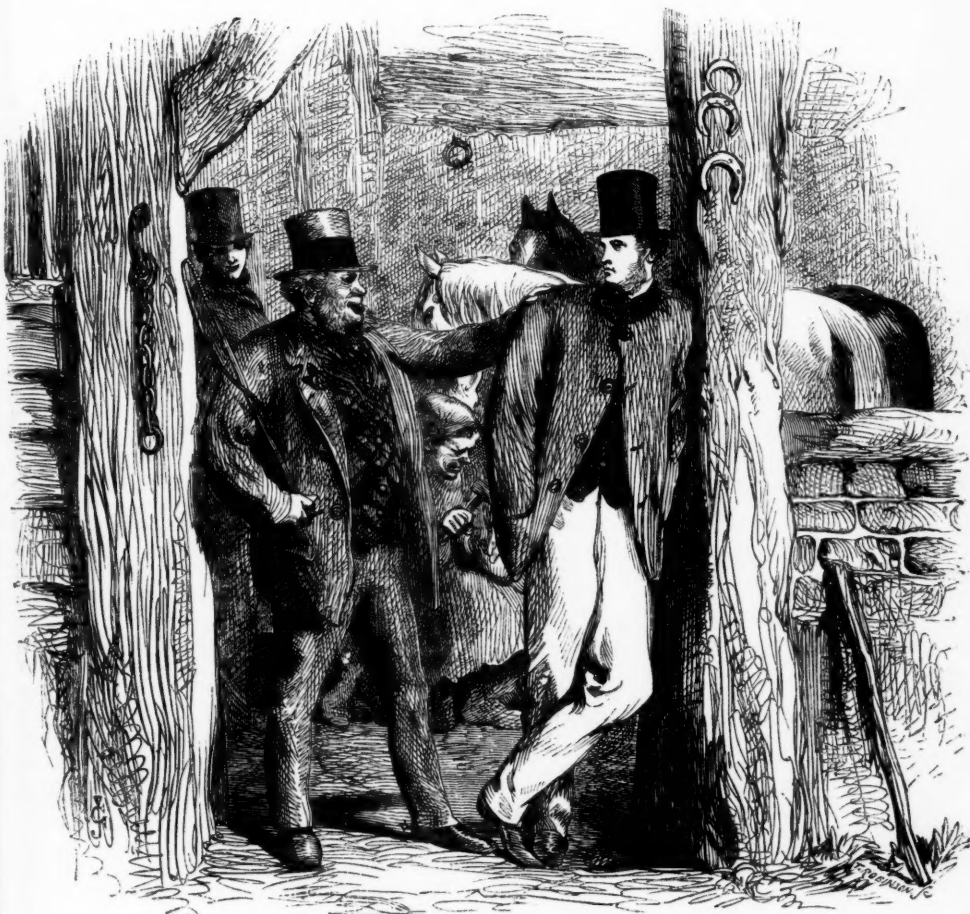


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



"ARE YOU DAVID BLAKE!" SAID HE, CLAPPING ME FAMILIARLY ON THE SHOULDER.

## AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TURNS UP.

I HAVE now to pass over several years in my history, merely premising that, during the interval, my course had been tolerably prosperous. I had obtained employment through the influence of my old captain, and had risen step by step until I was commander of an Indiaman in which I had already

made several voyages as first mate. And I must not omit to mention that Ned Finn stuck to me with the fidelity of a feudal retainer, and was now captain of the fore-top in my well-appointed ship.

I may also say here, that I had recently heard of and obtained my grandfather's legacy. This was a windfall I had not expected; on the other hand, however, I had lost all expectation of recovering my rightful patrimony. Mr. Greyling had become a

bankrupt, and the small estate which had been my father's, whatever it might have been worth, had passed into other hands. Here was another exemplification of the proverb, that ill-got wealth rarely prospers.

I need scarcely say that I had at different times made strenuous efforts to discover the retreat of my parents, supposing that both or either of them were yet living, but without success: their fate appeared to be "wrapped in impenetrable mystery," as the old novel writers, of whom my poor mother had once been so fond, would have said. Frequent advertisements had failed in bringing any response to my inquiries, and the agents I had set to work acknowledged themselves baffled in the pursuit; reluctantly, therefore, I had discontinued researches which seemed doomed to disappointment even before they were commenced.

I was in London, having just returned from India, after a prosperous voyage, and with three months' leisure before me, when I accidentally met with my former friend and fellow midshipman, Hugh Lawrence; and I found, to my surprise, that he had abandoned his profession.

"I thought you liked it too well ever to give it up," I said.

"I liked it well enough, Davy," said he; "that is, I made myself like it when I believed there was nothing else before me; but there is something else I like better," he continued, with a smile.

"And that something else?"

"Is a quiet home and a wife."

"You are married, then, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Call me Hugh if you love me, Davy: yes, I am married—have been married three years; you must go with me and see my wife."

"Agreed. Where do you live?"

"In Ireland," he answered; "I am going home next week; say that you will accompany me."

I hesitated.

"What is to prevent it? You say that you have three months to idle away on shore, and have no home."

"True; but——"

"I do not see why there should be any 'buts' in the case, Davy. Do you suppose my wife will not welcome a friend of her husband?"

"I did not mean that exactly, though——"

"Though you did partly. Don't be alarmed. My wife knows you very well, and often talks of you."

"Knows me, Hugh!"

"And you her; at least, I think you have not forgotten darling little Mary Hayes."

No, I had not forgotten her. And Mary was now the wife of Hugh Lawrence. I congratulated him; and in our subsequent conversation he told me how the admiration he had felt for her in the time of our perils and sufferings on the *raft* had afterwards ripened into a stronger and more permanent sentiment; and that, after some few difficulties had been overcome, she had become his prize. And rather a valuable prize, too, as I afterwards found; for, to say nothing of her good qualities, she had a rich dower. The only condition imposed upon Hugh by Mary's mother was that he should not go to sea

after the marriage; and, as Hugh explained, there was not much difficulty about that.

"But how is it you are living in Ireland?" I asked.

"Mary has a little estate there; but we live there only a part of the year: our winters and springs have hitherto been spent in England."

As may be supposed, I made no further objection to Hugh's proposal; but, conditioning only that my captain of the fore-top, Ned Finn, should accompany me, I promised to visit Hugh Lawrence at his own home.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—ANOTHER OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

A FORTNIGHT later I was at my friend's Irish home. It was a very delightful place, a little more than a mile from the coast, and also from a small village close to the sea, the inhabitants of which were principally fishermen and their families. The name of the village is of no consequence to my story; my friend's house, or rather his estate, went by the name of "The Springs."

I need not say, I hope, that both Ned Finn and myself received a hearty welcome, not only from Hugh, but from his gentle-hearted wife and her mother, who made one of his family; and Ned soon won the heart of Hugh's son and heir, a chubby, curly-headed little fellow, two years old, by playing with him on the green lawn, hour after hour, when he was not wanted on his more accustomed element.

For Hugh, though he had given up the profession, had not lost his love for it, nor forgotten that he had been a sailor; and as he was not debarred in the bond, from choosing his own particular recreations, he had purchased a small pleasure-boat, in which we frequently set sail. And Ned's help came in opportunely enough, as an elderly man, who had ordinarily acted as his boatswain and general assistant, was confined to his cottage by severe illness.

Boating, however, was not the only resource we had, during my visit, for wiling away the leisure hours of the delightful summer days, which I, at least, enjoyed with the zest of a schoolboy during a brief holiday. It was indeed the first holiday I had known for many a long year; and the sight of my friend's domestic happiness, if it did not cause a pang of envy, which I hope it did not, sometimes gave birth to a sigh of regret that I was all alone in the world. Sometimes we rambled over the country on foot, and at other times, mounted on a couple of rough mountain ponies, we extended our wanderings, and if I (sailor as I was) did not "witch the world with noble horsemanship," I had the consolation of perceiving that Hugh, also, knew better how to steer a boat than an Irish nag.

But there were few to see, and fewer to criticise our occasional mishaps. The country at the back of that part of the coast was wild and thinly populated, so that we sometimes rode for miles without falling in with a solitary wayfarer.

On one occasion, when I had been about a month at "The Springs," we were caught in a heavy summer shower as we were returning from one of our rides; and, to add to the misfortune, Hugh's pony had cast a shoe.

"There is or should be a hamlet hereaway; and a blacksmith's shop as well, if we can but find it," said my host; and, turning into a rough, rutty road, or rather a mountain track, he began to lead the way into a narrow valley. It would have needed some research to find the place Hugh had indicated; but, for once, accident befriended us, and after two or three blunders, and a quarter of an hour's gentle riding, we found the blacksmith's shed, and, what was more to the purpose, the blacksmith at work in it, and a good fire in the forge, by which we were glad to dry our dripping coats, while the nag was being shod.

The operation consumed some time; for, first of all, the man had to make a shoe; and though, as I am informed on good authority, an English smith can turn out a horse-shoe in a quarter of an hour, our Irish Vulcan was full double this time in performing the operation; and, before this part of the business was completed, another customer rode up to the shed, his horse reeking and panting with exertion, while he himself was drenched from head to foot, and in no good humour with either the weather, his beast, or himself, if it were fair to judge by the violence and intemperance of his language.

This new comer was a young man, short and stout, with a superabundance of fiery looking hair and whiskers, which hue was more than matched by the bloom on his cheeks, and even reaching to the tip of his nose, if a very snub nose can be said to have any tip. It might be the exercise, certainly; but I rather judged at the time, and was confirmed in my judgment afterwards, that this bloom had a very suspicious connexion with "mountain dew." The outer appearance of the stranger was rough, and unfavourable to any opinion that might have been formed of his gentility, though it by no means indicated poverty; and the animal he rode, though rough and shaggy, had evidently, even to me, both good blood and bottom, being also sound in wind and limb.

The man had taken shelter from the sudden storm; and though my host gave him, on entering, a nod of recognition, there seemed to be no formal acquaintanceship between them. I noticed also that the blacksmith looked up almost angrily when the traveller entered the shed, and made very short replies to his vehement language.

I do not think that this would have attracted my attention, however, if there had not been something in the countenance, and even the tones of the stranger's voice, which irresistibly attracted me. I had not the slightest idea that I had ever before encountered him, and yet I could scarcely keep my eyes off him, while I ransacked my memory without effect; and at every sentence he uttered, I almost started, as at an imperfectly remembered voice. One thing was certain, if the man were a native of the country, which seemed probable by his general aspect and features—particularly his high cheek-bones—he had contrived to rid himself almost completely of the Milesian accent and form of speech, to which I had become partly accustomed.

I believe I continued my unintentional and puzzling investigations almost to the verge of rudeness: at least, the object of them seemed to think

so; for, after more than once encountering my glances, he muttered something about impertinence, coupled with an oath, and turned hastily away.

For my part, not thinking an apology necessary, or not finding one ready at hand, which sometimes, I believe, amounts to the same thing, I stepped silently to the door of the shed, and looked out upon the still weeping clouds.

"How is it now, Blake?" demanded my friend; "are there any signs of clearing up?"

"It will soon pass over," I replied; and added, "we have weathered worse storms than this is likely to be, Hugh."

"I hope so, Davy; or it will be——"

Before my host could finish his sentence, the stranger was at my side, and was curiously looking up into my face.

"Blake! David Blake!" he repeated to himself; and then, in a louder voice and with a hoarse laugh and coarse expression, he exclaimed, "and it is David Blake, too." And, saying this, he clapped me familiarly on the shoulder.

"You have the advantage of me, at all events," I said, coldly; for I did not altogether approve of the man's effrontery.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed again; "and all fair too; for the last time we saw one another you had the advantage of me, I reckon;" and then he chuckled.

"You must explain yourself a little clearer," I said.

"Explain! oh bother explanations; don't you remember this?" and the stranger threw himself into a pugilistic attitude in front of me: "and don't you remember those blessed salt-marshes?"

It did not need any more. The boy with whom I had fought flashed on my memory; and I uttered the name of Peter Gorman, as I held out my hand.

"Yes," said he, as he shook it; "Peter Gorman is my name; I am not ashamed of it, David Blake."

Now I had not said, nor did I imply by look or manner, that he was or need be ashamed of his name. I thought the vindication, or the assertion, unnecessary, therefore. There was an air of defiance, too, about the man, which was equally uncalled for.

"I hope you have learned to forgive and forget, Peter," said I, laughing: "that was a tough battle of ours; and, as far as I was concerned, it led to very unexpected results."

Peter's brow darkened and contracted for a moment, evidently. "I don't know, after all, that there is much to crow about," he said; "but if you think there is, I don't mind seeing which is the best man now: I rather guess I could lick you, David, if I tried."

"I have not the slightest intention of trying," I said: "I would much rather we should be friends, Peter."

"Friends let it be, then," he responded, brightening and throwing off his momentary constraint. "I should not have thought of finding you here, though," he continued.

"Nor I you."

"Oh, there's nothing extraordinarily particular in that. I am half an Irishman, you know."

"No, I was not aware of it," said I.

"Ah, come to think of it, I don't suppose you were; for I took care it should not be known when I was at old Dozer's."

"But you did not go all the way from Ireland to the south of England to school, did you?"

"I guess not: I had never been in Ireland at that time; but, on the same principle that a horse would be a horse all the same, whether born in a stable or not, I may call myself an Irishman."

"Your father was an Irishman, then?"

"Just so; though he had been stationed in England for years. You never knew what he was, did you?"

I confessed my ignorance of this also.

"Ah! he was under government; and so am I, for that matter. Are you living in these parts, David? I ought to say Mr. Blake, though; I beg your pardon."

"You might call my friend Captain Blake, if you pleased, Mr. Gorman," interposed Hugh, rather haughtily, as it seemed to me.

"Whew—that's it, is it?" rejoined Mr. Gorman, with slight respect, as I also thought, for my friend and host. Well, then, captain, I beg two pardons instead of one. And perhaps a third too, for asking an impertinent question. But that's my way—too blunt by half—always was; I think you know that, captain?"

"Well, perhaps we were none of us too highly polished at Mr. Dozer's school," said I, evasively.

"He did what he could to polish us off, too, in his fashion," rejoined my old schoolfellow, with another laugh. 'I'll polish you off,' says he; and he did it too. That was a pretty good polishing you got, after our scrimmidge on the salts, eh? But you have not answered my question, captain."

"Captain Blake is my friend and guest for the present, Mr. Gorman," interposed Hugh, and speaking in a more friendly tone than he had previously adopted; "and as you are old schoolmates, I need not say that I shall be glad to see you at 'The Springs.' Any friend of my friend will find a hearty welcome."

"Ay; love me, love my dog; that's all right. Well, sir, at any rate, I thank you for the invitation; but I am not much of a diner-out, you must know; and I can't ask you to my house in return."

"Pray, make no ceremony about it, Mr. Gorman. Let us fix an early day, and you shall not complain of any want of hospitality."

If I could have managed it, I would have checked Hugh in his friendly advances towards the man. I had, as the reader very well knows, no great cause to love Peter; and neither his appearance nor bearing gave any promise of reputable acquaintanceship. I was turning this over in my mind, and hoping that Mr. Gorman would persist in declining Hugh's invitation, when the blacksmith announced that his job was completed: and, as the rain had by this time almost ceased, we prepared to leave the shed. But by this time also, Gorman's real or pretended disinclination to visit "The Springs" had died away; and, as we shook hands with him

on parting, he promised that he would dine with us on the morrow, and spend the evening in our society.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—PETER GORMAN THE GAUGER.

"PRAY, who or what is Peter Gorman now, Lawrence? Nothing very reputable, I am afraid, to judge by your first recognition of him, before you found that we had been schoolmates."

"I did behave coolly enough, I confess; but really I know nothing against him, except that he is rough and has a bad habit of cursing, and is not very temperate, I fear. I hope, by the way, that he will have perception enough to see that we do not approve of either swearing or hard drinking; he does not seem wanting in common sense."

"I won't answer for that, Hugh; but what is his occupation or profession? He is under government, he says."

"Yes; and I suppose that goes against him, poor fellow. There is a strong popular prejudice against excisemen in Ireland, you know."

"He is an exciseman, then?"

"Yes—or a gauger, as he is generally called; otherwise, a riding officer. I believe he is a kind of superintendent in this district; and he has the reputation of being particularly active in his office, which, of course, goes against him in public opinion, though it is a favourable trait in his character. It is his duty to be active, though one could wish for him a different sphere of duty."

It was good enough for him, I thought, though I did not say so. And as we proceeded homewards I had to satisfy Hugh's natural curiosity respecting the earlier events in my history, which had brought Peter Gorman and myself into contact; and for the first time, he learned from me those experiences of my childhood with which my readers are already familiar. I scarcely know why I had not mentioned them before; perhaps I had shrunk from the recital, at the commencement of our friendship on board the "Dover Castle," and afterwards we had more important matters to speak about.

I may as well add here, that the father of Peter Gorman had held a higher and more respectable position under government than that which the son adorned; but that, having a facility for sinking, and vulgar tastes, as well as dissolute habits, Peter had taken what appeared to be his natural position in society, and after many shiftings and changings had been sent to Ireland as a fearless and unscrupulous hunter out of private illicit stills, and other frauds on the revenue, and that his physical daring and consequent success on one particular occasion, had led to his promotion. I am not aware that any further explanation concerning him is necessary.

He arrived punctually at my friend's house on the morrow; and, to my surprise, he presented a much more gentlemanly appearance than I had anticipated. He was evidently on his good behaviour also, and so far won upon Hugh as to receive a general invitation to "The Springs" whenever his avocations permitted. As to Gorman's behaviour to me on this and subsequent occasions, it seemed as though he wished our schoolboy quarrels

to be  
was n  
peculi  
sullen

Aft  
Gorm  
quent  
the be  
at all  
round  
dispos  
or two  
the e  
aston  
intelli  
strang  
and  
profes

On  
trips  
Ned  
much  
that  
wear  
leadi  
conv  
after  
ment  
he h  
wort  
after  
gene  
parti  
fathe  
from  
was  
harm  
was  
his  
A  
abse

In t  
fanc  
west  
enou  
rem  
fine  
kern  
on  
refe  
and  
high  
bele  
not  
pop  
ver  
by  
ple  
for  
the  
blo  
sur



to be buried in oblivion. At any rate, the subject was not again referred to, and his conduct was peculiarly free from either offensive familiarity or sullen reserve.

After the ice was thus broken, the visits of Gorman to my friend and myself were pretty frequent. It was, no doubt, agreeable to him to have the best house in the neighbourhood open to him at all times; and, as he was not tied to any formal round of duties, his time was nearly at his own disposal. Sometimes his calls lasted only an hour or two; at other times, he dined with us, and spent the evening in our society: and, rather to my astonishment, he manifested considerable powers of intelligent conversation, which he interspersed with strange, odd, and occasionally piquant stories and anecdotes relating to his own much abused profession.

Once or twice, Peter joined us in our nautical trips; and in this way he made the acquaintance of Ned Finn, with whom he soon became familiar, much to Ned's satisfaction: for I could perceive that my old and faithful friend and follower became weary of the idle life, as he called that we were leading. I rather suspected at the time, and was convinced of it afterwards, that Ned's company was, after all, more to Gorman's taste than the refinement of Mrs. Lawrence's drawing-room, to which he had, of course, been admitted: and the two worthies frequently stole away to enjoy themselves after their own manner. And though Ned was in general silent respecting his former occupation, and particularly respecting his connexion with my poor father, I have little doubt that Gorman drew out from him more than he ever intended to reveal. It was natural enough that Ned should suppose no harm could come of these revelations to one who was apparently and professedly so friendly with his master.

Affairs were in this state when my time of absence had more than half expired.

### ZUMMERZET.

In few parts of the kingdom have superstitious fancies been more prevalent than in the south-western counties, some of which are picturesque enough, but the greater part simply absurd. The remark applies especially to the wide area which in fine weather the eye overlooks from the top of Dunkerry Beacon. That superb brown mountain rises on the north-eastern edge of Exmoor, (to which reference has recently been made in these pages,) and commands the whole of the wild and heathery highland region, with large lowland tracts besides, belonging to both Somerset and Devon. In times not long gone by, there was only a scanty rustic population scattered over the district, very ignorant, very isolated, and not a little prone to be led away by foolish conceits. Of rusticity, indeed, there is plenty at present, but it chiefly appears in uncouth forms of speech; for, as in other parts of the country, the schoolmaster has here dealt some destructive blows, demolishing troops of pixies and fairies, with sundry charms and incantations. Few persons have

perhaps heard of a bodily ailment called the "bone-shave," however familiar they may be with dislocated bones and obstinate fractures. It certainly does not appear in any of the Registrar General's Reports among the causes of death. We are disposed to regard the phrase as a most expressive one, for the old Exmoorians applied it to certain rheumatic pains in the limbs, and specially to achings at the joints, to which they were subject as the consequence of exposure to bleak winds, chilling mists, and boggy ground. When thus afflicted, the patient was carried to some running water, and laid on his back upon the bank, with a straight staff by his side, between him and the stream, while the doggerel was repeated over him,

"Bone-shave right;  
Bone-shave straight;  
As the water runs by the stave,  
Good for bone-shave."

No process can well be conceived more stupendously ridiculous, or so directly calculated to confirm the complaint. Drainage and cultivation have proved potent remedies for agues, rheumatisms, and other forms of bone-shave, in many parts of our once marshy and boggy land.

It is in this district that the Somersetshire dialect is met with in its greatest perfection, or, as many will think, its greatest impurity; for, to most Englishmen it seems one of the most corrupt varieties of our mother tongue. It prevails throughout the country more or less with the lower classes, is most marked in the country villages, and passes into Devon and Dorset. A common rural epitaph will illustrate one of the peculiarities:—

"As us am, so you must be,  
Therefore prepare to follow we."

The dialect has for its distinctive features the use of obsolete Saxon or Danish terms, and of obsolete forms of speech, with a deep intonation, and a vicious mode of pronouncing some of the consonants. Thus the *s* and *f* are converted into *z* and *v*, as in *Zummerzet* and *zettle*, for Somerset and settle, *Veather* and *Vred*, for Father and Fred. The third person singular of the indicative mood, present tense, is often made to end in *th* or *eth*; and hence he loves becomes *he lov'th*, he sings, *zing'th*. The people substitute *Ize* for *I*, *er* for *he*, *her* for *she*, and *war* always takes the place of *was* and *were*.

"Mr. Guy war a gennelman  
O' Huntsfull, well known  
As a grazier, a hirc one,  
Wi' lons o' his awn."

The sound of *d* is frequently given to *th*, thread being pronounced *dread* or *dird*, and thrash *drash*. It is common to meet with *we'm*, *you'm*, *they'm*, for *we are*, *you are*, *they are*; and *I be*, *thou or thee beest*, *we be*, and such like, occur by the bushel. Letters are sometimes prefixed to words, as in *alost*, *agone*, *abought*, for *lost*, *gone*, *bought*. The letter *y* is also annexed to the infinitive mood and some other parts of many common verbs, with a curious effect, of which *I can't sewy*, *he can't reapy*, *her can't nurry*, are examples. Then the terminal letter is dropped in words ending with *ing*, and *loving*, *singing*, *hearing*, *lightning*, become *lovin*, *zingin*, *hearin*, *lightnin*. It is very usual to say *this house*, *this*

man, for that house, that man. But the grand difficulty to a stranger, in the rural speech of the secluded districts, is occasioned by the occurrence of obsolete Saxon words.

A short time ago, a pamphlet turned up at the British Museum, in the course of a rummage, intended to exemplify the peculiarities of the dialect. It was printed at Exeter, about the middle of the last century, and had gone through ten editions. It is entitled "An Exmoor Courtship, or a Suitoring Discourse, in the Dialect and Mode, near the Forest of Exmoor." The principal speakers are Andrew Moreman, a young farmer, and his cousin Margery Vagwell, for whose hand he is a suitor. Our extract refers to the first interview after popping the "quesson," or question.

"Andrew. Well, cozen Magery, cham glad you're come agen.

"Margery. Wull yeeat a croust o' bridand chezee, cozen Andra?"

"Andrew. No, es thankee, cozen Magery; vor es eat a crub as es come along; bezides es went to dinner jest avore—Well, bet, cozen Magery, whot onser dest gi' ma to tha quesson es put vore now-reert?"

"Margery. What quesson was et?"

"Andrew. Why, zure, ya bant zo vorgetvul. Why, tha quesson es put a little rather.

"Margery. Es dont know what quesson ye meean; es begit whot quesson twos.

"Andrew. Why, to tell tha vlat and plane agen, twos thes: Wut ha' ma, ay or no?"

"Margery. Ees gee tha zame onserces gee'd avore; ees wudn't marry the best man in oll Ingland."

Andrew, hearing this determination, is departing crest-fallen, and somewhat in dudgeon, but is called back, with an ulterior object in view, professedly to zip a zup o' zider.

This extract is given as really the most lucid part of the dialogue. A good deal of the rest would be perfectly unintelligible to a metropolitan. The unnamed editor has very appropriately, therefore, appended a glossary, for the benefit of distant readers in general, and specially as likely to be of some "use to the lawyers on the Western Circuit, by whom the evidence of a countryman is sometimes mistaken, for want of a proper interpretation of his language." No doubt many an unsophisticated native in the witness-box has often puzzled judge and counsel. A reverse case happened in Edinburgh at a trial for sedition, when the Lord Justice spoke broad Scotch, in which the prisoner was not well up, he being a southern. "Hae ye any coonsel, mon?" "No." "Do ye want to hae any appointit?" "No, I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your Lordship says."

The style and twang peculiar to a locality, once fairly adopted, will cling to its natives, however long a time removed from it; and though much may be rubbed off by fresh associations, traces remain. But certainly the author of the following dedication in verse must have been a new arrival within the shadow of St. Paul's.

"To you, the Dwellers o' tha West,  
I'm pleas'd that tha shood be address;  
Vor thaw I now in Lunnon dwell,  
I mine ye still—I love ye well;

An niver, niver shall vorget,  
I vust draw'd breath in Zummerzet;  
Amangst ye liv'd, an'left ye zorry,  
As you'll know when you hire my storry,  
Thiaze little book than take o' me,  
'Tis a' I ha' just now ta gee."

A pleasant county is Somerset, with beautiful breezy hills, fine orchards, and fat lands, as the Vale of Taunton testifies. Great too is it in history, as having sheltered the illustrious Alfred in bitter adversity. But with all due deference, it would be impossible for us to reconcile our ears to a zong zung by Zummerzet folks, using provincial speech, however tuneful the strain and good the sentiment; and the national anthem is not at all commended to our taste by the enunciation,

"Zend her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God zave the Queen."

### ROUND CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

THE Round Churches in England owe their origin and erection to the Knights Templars, who obtained their organization and fame in the vicinity of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. This building, erected by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, was revered by the Knights above all earthly objects; and it was natural that they would imitate the form of the venerated structure, when they had occasion to erect a new church in those parts of Europe into which they were afterwards distributed.

These churches constitute a singular and rare class of ancient edifices, and are eminently interesting to the architectural antiquary. Their origin was once popularly attributed to the Jews. This idea was prevalent with respect to the church at Cambridge, till Mr. Essex, in writing upon the subject, showed it to be erroneous. "Their Temple, at Jerusalem," he says, "was not of the circular form, neither was the Tabernacle of Moses; nor do we find the modern Jews affect that figure in building their synagogues."

Of the Round Churches erected in England three have perished—Temple Bruer and Aislaby, in Lincolnshire, and the Old Temple, in Holborn. Four yet remain, the first of which, in order of time, and not the last in beauty, is the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre*, at Cambridge.

The ancient and round portion of this church consists of an outer circular wall, with a rich Norman doorway, opening into an aisle, which embraces a central Round. This inner portion rests upon eight circular piers, and is finished above with a clorestory, surrounded by an arcade, pierced with eight lights, and finished with a conical roof. The arches are all circular, and adorned with the zig-zag moulding so characteristic of the Norman style. The Round is, of course, the part of most interest. One of the windows represents the Resurrection, with an obvious allusion to the Church of the Resurrection, at Jerusalem. Another is of the venerable Bede, the great historian of our early church, who is said to have resided for a time between the site of St. Sepulchre and that of St. John's College.

Another represents St. Etheldrida, whose history is connected with Ely, in which diocese the church is situated. The east window of the chancel, which appears to great advantage on immediately entering the church, is of beautiful painted glass, representing the crucifixion, with the figures of the Virgin Mary and the beloved Apostle.

We have described this church before adverting to its history, because, as usual, the architectural character is as valuable in ascertaining its date and destination as any existing records. The character of the Round takes us back to the very beginning of the twelfth century, or rather, to the last few years of the eleventh; and it appears from a ms. in the Bodleian Library that it was consecrated in the year 1101.

*St. Sepulchre's*, Northampton, is the next in antiquity. Its erection is referred with some degree of probability to Simon St. Liz, second earl of Northampton, and a crusader, who died A.D. 1127. In size it much surpasses the Cambridge church of the same name, but in architectural beauty it is at least its inferior. Like that, it consists of a central portion, supported by eight Norman circular pillars; but the arches are pointed, though the plain flat soffits are far less elegant than the well-moulded semicircles of the older structure. The chancel and its two aisles, opening out of the Round eastward, do not harmonize with the Round, although the piers and arches between the chancel and the north aisle are of so early a character, that they form, doubtless, a part of the original plan, though not erected until the early English style had assumed its distinct character. In the interior of the chancel are some curious corbels supporting the roof, representing grotesques playing on musical instruments—among others, the organ, the fiddle, the fife, and the double drum—but there is little worthy of remark in this portion of the fabric.

The two churches already described cannot, with absolute certainty, be assigned to their proper founders; only their very name, as well as what would, on any other hypothesis, be the mere accident of their form, connects them with the devotions of pilgrims to the original Round Church of the Resurrection. But the *Temple Church*, London, and the *Church of Little Maplestead*, are more closely associated with the two great religious orders of chivalry, the *Templars* and the *Hospitallers*, who were bound by the most solemn vows to the defence of pilgrims to Jerusalem. The *Templars* had already a church in Old-bourne, now Holborn, before the erection of the present church was commenced; and the latter, when finished, was called the *New Temple*, with reference to the more ancient foundation. The older edifice, like this, was round, and though not, in all probability, so sumptuous, had yet been built at greater cost, for it was of Caen stone, as appeared when some of its remains were discovered at the beginning of the last century.

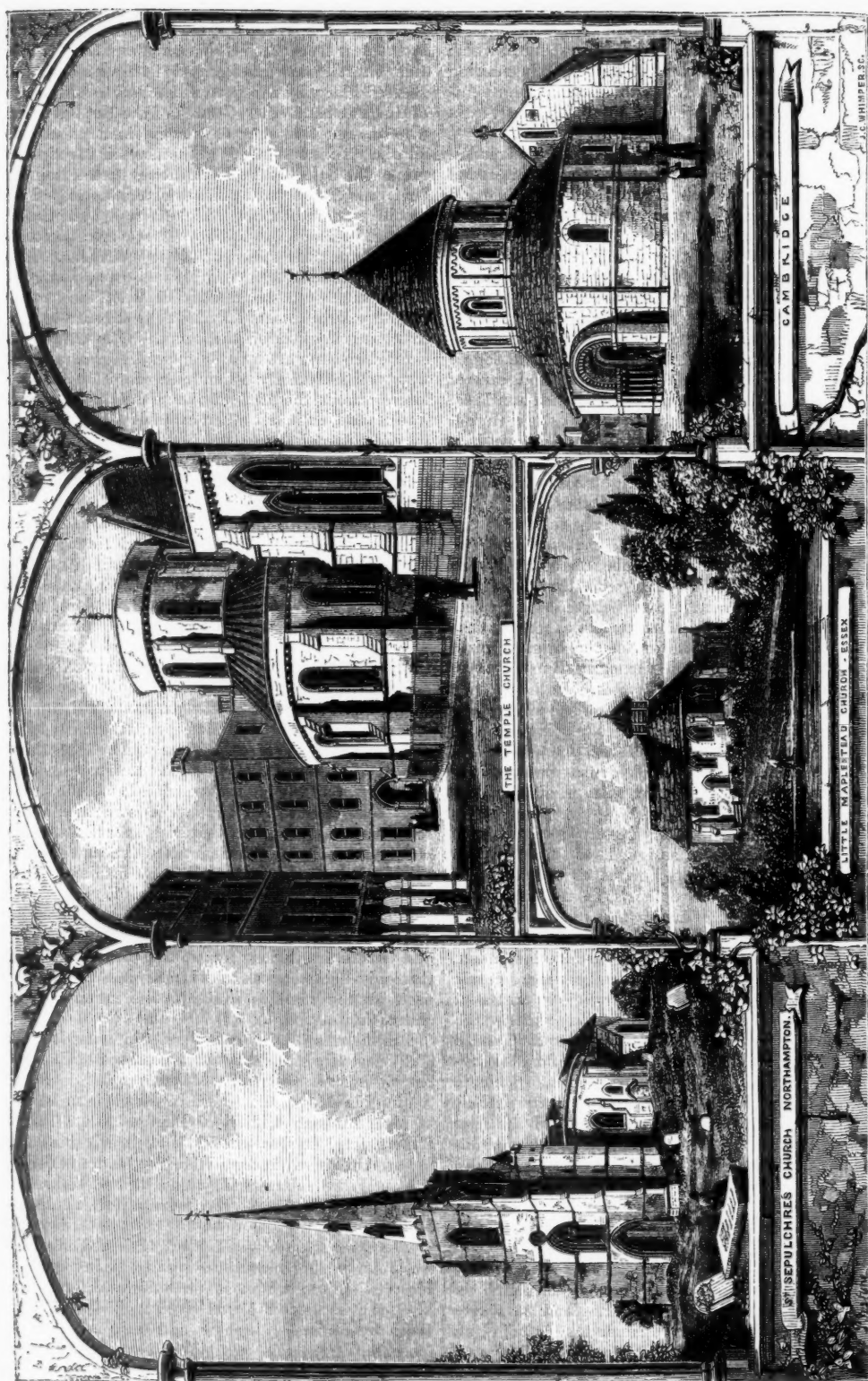
The round front of the *Temple Church* was consecrated in 1185, by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, on his arrival in England to obtain succour from Henry II against the Saladin—an event still commemorated by an inscription over

the door leading to the cloisters, of which the following is a translation:—"On the 10th of February, in the year from the incarnation of our Lord, 1185, this church was consecrated in honour of the Blessed Mary, by the Lord Heraclius, by the grace of God Patriarch of the Church of the Resurrection, who has remitted sixty days of enjoined penance to all who visit it annually." Whether this inscription was of the date of the church cannot be determined, for it was discovered by the workmen employed in repairs after a fire, by which it had been much injured, in 1695; but there can be no question that it rightly records the event of the dedication. The oblong portion of this church was consecrated on Ascension Day, 1240; and in this, as in the former case, the architectural features fully answer to the historical mention of the event. The church is entered at the west by an elaborate Norman doorway, which formerly communicated with a cloister leading from the Hall of the Knights Templars. The Round, as in all other cases of the like kind, consists of a circle of columns supporting a tower, and of an external circular wall, forming a kind of aisle to the central portion. In this instance the piers are six in number, each consisting of four columns springing from the same base, and again joined at the capitals, but disengaged through the whole height of the shafts except where a fillet connects them at their mid height. From these columns spring pointed arches, over which runs a triforium behind an arcade of semicircular and intersecting arches, and over these again are six clerestory windows of the pure Norman character.

The square portion of the church, which opens into the Round by three lofty pointed arches, is of pure and highly developed early English. The pillars, which are of a very elegant section, are light and lofty, and the windows are triple lancet throughout. The richness of the whole structure is in some respects due to the materials as well as to the beauty of the design; the floor was of encaustic tiles, and has been restored after the same fashion. The roof was gorgeously painted, and it has been adorned once more with an equal profusion of colours; the insignia of the *Templars* appearing everywhere in various forms, together with such theological emblems and devices as were commonly used at the time to which the erection of the church is referred.

The figures of the crusaders, "in cross-legged effigy devoutly stretched," have been restored. The best authorities assign five of them as follows:—to Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, A.D. 1144; William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1219; Robert, Lord de Ros, A.D. 1245, [this effigy is said to have been brought from Helmsley Church, Yorkshire]; William Mareschall, junior, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1231; and Gilbert Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1241.

The *Church of Little Maplestead* is dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem, the patron saint of the *Hospitallers*, to whom it owes its erection. In 1186, the whole parish was given to this chivalrous order by Juliana, daughter and heir of Robert Dornelli, and wife of William Fitz Audelin,



stewar  
dery v  
carries  
flouris  
other t  
respec  
porch,  
the ch  
closely  
the M  
of the  
remain

THE fo  
narrat  
loss b  
schem

In  
comm  
ago, a  
racter  
ness,  
the so  
pital,  
well a  
cient  
thoug  
busy  
in all  
of all  
affairs  
as, at  
offere  
embar  
that p  
sacke  
was d  
that l  
in the

It  
it to  
readil  
tered,  
boxes  
and c  
were  
every  
forwa  
could  
name  
charg  
worth  
fully  
his lo  
neith  
trust  
breez  
Mr. t  
of th  
be co  
acco  
drear  
deed,



steward to Henry II. Here, therefore, a Commandery was erected. The church, still remaining, carries us back to the times at which the knights flourished. In size, this church is inferior to the other three, but it is even more remarkable in other respects, for the whole, with the exception of the porch, is of the original design and execution; and the chancel, with its semicircular apse, still more closely resembles in its appearance the Church of the Martyrium. Of the Commandery, once a part of the same Christian establishment, not a vestige remains.

### PILLAR DOLLARS :

A TRUE TALE OF MARINE INSURANCE.

The following tale I venture to tell, as it was lately narrated to me by one who narrowly escaped a heavy loss by the detection and defeat of the nefarious scheme.

In one of the most mercantile of our Indian communities, Bombay, there resided, some years ago, a prosperous merchant of high repute for character as well as position. He was active in business, "took care of the main chance," "dealt upon the square," paid his way punctually, amassed capital, and was respected by all who knew him, as well as by all who did not. Having realized sufficient wealth, Mr. Sterling (for so let us call him) thought fit to announce his intention to retire from busy life; and, to prepare for the change, he called in all his debts, and advertised the ready payment of all claims upon him: in short, he wound up his affairs in a manner worthy of his reputation; and as, at that time, the price of silver, as a merchandise, offered the largest prospect of profit, he resolved to embark to his utmost extent in speculating upon that pure-visaged metal. The Presidency was ransacked for his purchases, every available market was dealt with, and, so great were his operations, that he created quite a little temporary monopoly in the article suited to his purposes.

It became now only necessary to export and sell it to the best advantage; and this was easily and readily accomplished. A proper vessel was chartered, the glittering freight was estimated, the boxes full of dollars were weighed and embarked, and on the deck of the ship a sufficient number were miscellaneously opened and seen; so that everything was as apparently as clear and straightforward as the most prudent insurers of the cargo could require. Captain Wave (we invent another name) was a man of known character, and to his charge the cargo was formally committed; and the worthy skipper, having the precious deposit carefully numbered and entered most particularly in his log-book, stowed the whole safely away, where neither land-rats nor water-rats could touch the trust. The following day at noon, with a favouring breeze, the "Lucky Pearl" sped on her course, and Mr. Sterling was left for a season only to dream of the many pounds into which his dollars would be converted. It was to him a pleasing dream—according to the Irish superstition, a "morning dream," and therefore "sure to come true." Indeed, being amply insured, he had little to fear;

but still, when one's argosies are afloat, "the Merchant of Venice" teaches us what evils may befall them.

So it happened with the "Lucky Pearl." She had not sailed a week when she was assailed by a fearful tempest, called a typhoon, and wrecked on the Arab coast, breaching over, as the dejected captain piteously described it, broadside to, so close to the lee shore that the top of her mast could almost touch the low rock, as it was washed over by the furious sea. Of the crew, two or three were missing, supposed to be lost; he and the rest escaped from drowning by almost a miracle, and after encountering many difficulties and hardships, they arrived at Bombay, almost naked, to tell the melancholy tale.

It was, no doubt, a sad misadventure. Mr. Sterling lamented it greatly, and got up a subscription for the unfortunate captain and his surviving comrades, heading it with a munificent donation. In the usual routine of such transactions, the insurers were required to pay the loss; and the specification was so complete, and withal so minute, that it seemed a matter of A, B, C, to hand over the money, and let Mr. Sterling depart in peace. But it is remarkable how a *but* often steps in to do the very reverse of an *if*, which we have a high authority for considering as "your only peace-maker;" whereas the *but* seems to be but the beginning of your greatest disputes and differences. There happened to be among the insurers, one merchant who had extensive concerns with Lima and other Hispano-colonial ports in the Pacific Ocean, and was consequently aware that what are called pillar dollars, from being impressed with the arms of Castile, are held in higher estimation there, and exchange indeed for a much higher value, than the dollars of any other coinage, country, or description. He knew with how much search and trouble he had been able to procure any important quantity of this specie to send round Cape Horn, at any time, to improve his Peruvian trading, and he felt some surprise at Mr. Sterling's having succeeded in gathering together so vast a treasure as he appeared to have done from the specification in question. He reflected and pondered: and the more he reflected and pondered, the stronger grew his doubts and misgivings. There ensued a delay—time for farther inquiry; people do not like to part with their money under a cloud; it made a tremendous stir in the commercial world, and Mr. Sterling was heard to designate the insurers as little better than a pack of swindlers, who repudiated a just obligation upon the groundless surmise of one of themselves. Frequent meetings took place, and examinations and re-examinations seemed to lead to no practical result.

On one of these occasions, it so happened that the captain of a Yankee bark, one Agamemnon Dodgson by name, was among the auditors, and heard the repeated evidence of Captain Wave relative to the wreck of the "Lucky Pearl." Foul play being once suspected, every part of the affair was sifted more and more sharply; but nothing distinct could be made manifest, nothing tangible against the wreck on the rocky shore of Arabia, and the disso-

lution of the "*Unlucky Pearl*." Captain Wave was too precise to admit of his account being controverted; he described the locality, familiar to other seamen, and laid down the spot on the map, within a yard almost of the exact longitude and latitude. None of this was lost upon the Yankee's listening ear. The story was so perfect that it immediately struck him as strange—"too good to be true"—probably untrue. So, without saying a word to anybody, Captain Agamemnon Dodgson boated out to his craft, and long before the morning watch was miles from the harbour, on his way to examine the desolate and fatal point on which lay the remains of the poor "*Lucky Pearl*" and storm-engulfed wealth of the submerged pillar dollars. Perhaps there might be something to pick up; perhaps a discovery to "smash all creation," and by enriching him at one grand coup, send him along rejoicing to the land of the West.

Nor did his vaticination disappoint him. As sure as he arrived at the latitude and longitude described, he caught a glimpse of the lost ship. There she lay, broadside to, as related, but partially recovered by wind and ebb tide, so that the lower side of her deck was barely under water. What a vision, what a haul, for our enterprising and sagacious navigator! The work was speedily set about; and in the course of twenty-four hours, every box was extricated from the wreck, and, together with other stores, needful for the long voyage now in view, transferred to the American clipper. Every hand was promised rich reward, and the sun set upon as jovial a crew as ever sustained the glory of the Stripes and Stars on the boundless ocean. But (*but* again) before turning in for the night, the captor of the treasure cherished a fancy to have a glance at it, to satiate his rapacious sight. A box was brought into the cabin, and the lid broken open. Ah, ah! what dazzled his eyes? Sand and brickbats! Was this a sample of the whole? It was. So vanished the silver cloud on the New York horizon. Disappointment in the fruition of his hope, exasperated and revengeful, but still possessed of the cunning of the serpent, our adventurer quietly steered his course back to Bombay, and anchored, almost unnoticed, where he had left not very many days before.

Meanwhile, the assurance case had approached a settlement, and there was no time to be wasted. His first and instant visit on shore was consequently to Mr. Sterling, to whom he uncereemoniously revealed the surprising secret of the brickbats, and produced a sea-soaked sample that would have done credit to Nineveh or Babylon. Indeed, no arrow-headed characters or hieroglyphics ever caused a greater sensation. Though Mr. Sterling could not decipher the inscription like a Layard, he perfectly understood the meaning; and, to shorten our tale, after much haggling and angry debate, the Peachum and Lockit of the dollar cargo came to a rascally compromise, and agreed to divide the spoil "as per invoice," Captain Agamemnon having sworn never to divulge the mystery to human being.

On their pillows that night, everything considered, the confederates solaced themselves somewhat satisfactorily, the one with the conclusion that

it might have been worse, the other with the idea that it might have been better. And by morning this latter idea had swollen into a resolve, and the resolve into action. For a certain substantial bribe the insatiable Dodgson communicated to the insurers the information which saved them from the most adroit fraud which had been devised to plunder them; and Mr. Sterling and Captain Wave were somewhat astonished to find themselves, within a few hours, fellow lodgers (though with more limited intercourse than had before existed between them) in the ugly gaol, which has not a window open to the pleasant view of Elephantia and its wonderful caves. Fine and imprisonment, degradation and ruin, terminated their vile career in the East, and sent them beggars to London to increase, for a brief season, the number of the convict scoundrels who infest that metropolis; now, chained together in penal servitude, they expiate their guilt, and will be seen among honest men no more.

As for their betrayer, with some pillar and many other dollars, he departed for the States, and reached his port and landed in the highest spirits. His wealth and patriotism made him to be spoken of for Congress, and he journeyed towards the Far West, where he was informed of a constituency ready to elect him. Unfortunately, on his route he encountered another candidate, who was "progressing" on the same errand; and they quarrelled, and a bowie knife, quicker than his actions, ended his ignominious career.

Crime does not always meet its retribution in this world; but in this instance the end of all concerned was disastrous enough to satisfy even-handed justice, and to leave a striking warning and useful lesson.

#### CLUB ROW.

READING lately a volume entitled "*Ragged London in 1861*,"\* the chapter headed "*Behind Shoreditch*," reminded me of a visit which I once paid to a noted locality in that region. It was on Whit Sunday, 1859. Under the guidance of a district visitor, I passed through Church-street near the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, and presently reached a place which, from previous description, I did not need to be informed was Club Row. The air was vocal with the notes of hundreds of birds, whose glorious melody was in strange and striking contrast with the human turmoil and squalor all around. The street was wide, having high houses on each side, evidently occupied in the upper stories by weavers and others needing much light, the windows in the majority of the dwellings taking up nearly all the frontage of the tops of the houses. The basements were in every case occupied as shops for the sale of living animals.

In the centre of the street, in unceasing motion, were many hundreds of men and lads, busily occupied in buying and selling singing birds, such as larks in cages, canaries, starlings, thrushes, black-

\* By John Hollingshead. Smith, Elder, and Co.

birds, and linnets; others were carrying a large living rabbit under each arm; others were burdened with a domestic fowl of each species, in the same manner; while others were carrying white and yellow mice, squirrels, guinea-pigs, rats, dogs, and even cats. Every description of box, basket, and bag, was pressed into the duty of conveying living freight, there being also a plentiful supply of rabbit-hutches and bird-cages on view.

Of course, in such a crowd, vendors of refreshments were not lacking, their commodities consisting of roughly made pastry of various kinds; ginger beer in baskets; an uncertain mixture, in barrels, on trucks, offered and very noisily recommended as lemonade. Others sold hot boiled green peas, of which a very small portion was doled out in a plate of three inches diameter, scantily covered with pepper and vinegar, for one halfpenny; and that this, though an expensive, was a favourite refreshment, was evidenced by the number of purveyors, and of partakers also.

Gathered round a wide open shop window, a delighted crowd was eagerly listening to an oration then delivering by a vendor of "vegetable pills," whose green herbs and manufactured medicines, shared, with old iron and damaged china, the room afforded by the shop in which he was standing, with more than half his body projecting into the street.

"Now listen to me," he said, "and don't believe that I am trying it on in the way of humbug, for that ain't my game. I've been here for nine years, and during that time have starved out lots o' doctors, and I may say, without flattering myself, have changed the character of the neighbourhood, as regards the medical art;" and so he went on, scarcely interrupting his harangue to serve the numerous customers who pressed forward from all sides.

"I'll show you how the doctors treat your poor insides."

Every eye watched him earnestly as he stooped to take up a penny, saying, "There's nothing like copper for showing up mercury."

"Now look at this; I've got a box of antibilious pills from a celebrated chemist's near here (name of course suppressed). I take a small portion of one o' em, and I rub it on the penny—and look! One side of the penny is covered with mercury; and so you see for yourselves the sort of stuff the doctors give you." A murmur of wonder and indignation followed this exposition, with a perfect shower of orders for the vegetable pills.

Leaving Club Row we passed into another street, Station-street, if I remember aright. Here the crowd was greatly augmented, though still in motion, swaying up and down, back and forth, an uneasy tide of restless human life, yet gathering into small circles round objects of interest. In the midst of the swaying numbers were to be seen a few policemen, and one baited, badgered, suffering city missionary. As we approached this Christian in Vanity Fair, he was engaged in warm discussion with an infidel denizen of the locality. As it was chiefly with coarse insolence that the missionary was attacked, the gentleness and wisdom of his answers gained the goodwill even of that rough audience, and he was allowed to

proceed with his address as well as was possible in such a scene of confusion. It was fearful, however, to hear the profane and obscene remarks of many of the passers by, and I was glad to move on, with silent prayer that the good man's labour might not be wholly in vain.

Many strange recollections I have of that Sabbath walk; but the reader will be better pleased to see an extract from the graphic account of the region, by the author of "Ragged London," which shows that good influences are at work in the district, not without marked and gratifying success.

"That vast district of eastern London, familiar to the public under the broad title of Bethnal Green, would exhaust a twelvemonth in a house-to-house visitation. It is flat, it is ancient, dirty, and degraded; its courts and alleys are almost countless, and over-running with men, women, boys, dogs, cats, pigeons, and birds. Its children are ragged, sharp, weasel-like; brought up from the cradle—which is often an old box or an egg-chest—to hard living and habits of bodily activity. Its men are mainly poor dock-labourers, poor costermongers, poor silk-weavers, clinging hopelessly to a withering handicraft, the lowest kind of thieves, the most ill-disguised class of swell-mobsmen, with a sprinkling of box and toy-makers, shoe-makers, and cheap cabinet-makers. Its women are mainly hawkers, sempstresses, the coarsest order of prostitutes, and aged stall-keepers, who often sit at the street corners in old sedan-chairs, and sometimes die, like sentinels, at their posts.\* Its broadest highways are chiefly lined with the most humble shops. There are steaming eating-houses, half filled with puddings as large as sofa squabs, and legs of beef, to boil down into a cheap and popular soup; birdcage vendors; mouldy, musty deus full of second-hand garments, or gay 'emporiums' in the ready-made clothing line; pawnbrokers, with narrow yellow side entrances, whose walls are well marked with the traces of traffic; faded grocers; small print shops, selling periodicals, sweetstuff, and stale fruit; squeezed-up barbers, long factories and breweries, with the black arches of the Eastern Counties Railway running through the midst. Every street of any pretension is generally guarded at its entrances by public-houses smelling of tobacco, stale beer, and sawdust; and the corners of every leading thoroughfare cutting into the heart of the district are watched over by glittering geni in the shape of gin-palaces. Concerts, which consist chiefly of street 'nigger' singing, held in dingy, long rooms, over the bars of the public-houses in the interior, form the chief amusement of the common inhabitants in their hours of plenty, occasionally varied by dog-fights, rat-matches, and the sport of drawing the badger. On Sundays, the whole neighbourhood is like a fair. Dirty men, in their sooty shirt-sleeves, are on the housetops, peeping out of little rough wooden structures built on the roof to keep their pigeons in. They suck their short pipes, fly their fancy birds, whistle shrilly with their forefingers placed in their mouths, beat the sides of the wooden building with a long

\* As happened to an old oyster-woman, who died from exposure to cold, December 24, 1893.

stick like a fishing-rod, and use all their ingenuity to snare their neighbours' stray birds. Those they catch are not quite as valuable as the products of the Philopisteron Society, but they have a value, varying from tenpence to half-a-crown, and long usage has settled the amount of redemption money which will buy back one of these captives. Down in some of the streets a regular exchange is held for the purpose of buying, selling, and comparing animals; and, as in Whitechapel and all such neighbourhoods, no difficulty is found in obtaining beer or spirits contrary to law, as long as the money to pay for it is forthcoming.

"This enormous portion of London is divided into many small district parishes, each one watched over by a very active clergyman. Amongst the principal workers are the Rev. Mr. Christie, the Rev. Mr. Gibson, and the Rev. James Trevitt. I have taken the lower portion of Bethnal Green (the district parish of St. Philip), which has been carefully worked by the latter excellent gentleman for more than nine years, because it enables me to deal with certain social features common also to Shoreditch and Spitalfields.

"I have known the neighbourhood I am describing for twenty years, and, if anything, it seems to me to be getting dirtier and more miserable every year. Old houses, in some few places, have been taken away—simply because they fell to pieces; but the new houses erected within the last ten years show little advance in the art of building dwellings for the poor. The whole present plan and arrangement of the district is against improvement, and the new structures sink to the level of the old.

"The first court I go into with my guide is called 'Reform Square'—a bitter satire upon its aspect and condition. It is nearly opposite the church of St. Philip, and is a square yard—not much larger than a full-sized dining room. It is entered by a mountainous slope of muddy brick pathway, under an archway, and contains half a dozen houses, which look out upon two dust-heaps, a pool of rain and sewage, mixed with rotten vegetable refuse, and a battered, lop-sided public privy. The houses are like doll's-houses, except that they are black and yellow. The windows are everywhere stuffed with paper—rags being in too much demand at the marine store-shop, or for the clothing of the human child-rats, who are digging into the dust-heaps with muddy oyster-shells. Every child must have its toys; and at the back of Shoreditch they play with rusty old saucepans, pieces of broken china, stones torn out of the roadway, or cinders that they search for laboriously. Very often the boys have to mind babies, while their mothers are out at work, and they sit about upon doorsteps with dirty brown limp bundles that never look like young children.

"At the entrance to 'Reform Square' is a row of zigzag two-roomed houses, let for about four shillings a week; the street-doors of which open into the lower rooms, almost upon the wretched tenants' beds. The staircases leading to the upper apartments are little more than ladders in one corner, and there is no space for more than the usual furniture—a table, two chairs, and a bedstead. The

flooring of the lower rooms in these houses is so high above the pavement in the street, that three stones are placed at each of the street-doors for the inhabitants to climb into their dwellings by. I say climb, for the lower stone is so lofty, and the whole three are so shallow on their flat surfaces, that it is with difficulty a full-sized man can stride up them. When you stand in the narrow doorway, and look down into the street, it is like looking down into a deep pit. The comfort in the inside of these dwellings is about equal to the conveniences outside. The one we went into smelt so close and musty from overcrowding, neglect, and, perhaps, forty years' dirt, that it almost made me sneeze. It was occupied by a sorrow-faced woman, who called herself a 'gipsy,' and who gets her living amongst servants and others as a fortune-teller.

"In another house of greater height, with a close, black, uneven staircase, almost perpendicular, we found a mixed population of about fifty people. In one room was a labourer's wife and several children, yellow, eager, and very ragged; in another was a woman with a blighted eye; in another a girl making match-boxes, assisted by a boy, while her father, a hawker of bootlaces, crouched despondingly over the grate, groaning about the badness of trade, and her mother was busy about the room. At the top of the house was a weaver's work-room, lighted by two long windows with diamond panes. It contained two idle shuttles, watched over by a sickly woman, almost sinking with anxiety, if not from want. The husband was out seeking work in the silk market, like hundreds of fellow-labourers, with little prospect of obtaining it. A change in fashion, and the inevitable operation of the French Treaty, have affected Spitalfields and Bethnal Green in the same way as Coventry, and a large mass of trained industry finds itself suddenly 'displaced.' It is not easy in middle life, with energies kept down by low living, little recreation, and bad air, to turn the mind and fingers into a fresh trade. The best of us are not always equal to such a task, and a poor weaver's wife may naturally sit on the edge of her scanty bed, and look into the future with little hope.

"Christopher-street, with its continuations, is a fair sample of an ordinary Bethnal Green street, and though short, it contains many varieties of low and humble life. In one two-roomed house is a notorious dog-trainer, who has lived there for many years, and who keeps a dog-pit for the gratification of his patrons. His yard is often crammed with every kind of terrier and fighting dog, and his upper room, where the pit is built, is reached by a ladder passing through a trap-door. When you enter this room, the ladder can be drawn up and the trap-door shut down, and so far you are secure from interruption. The windows are boarded up behind the blinds, so that no noise within can reach the little street; and when a sufficient number of patrons are gathered together to pay the spirited proprietor of this den, the delights of Hockley-in-the-Hole are partially revived. Dogs are set together by the throat, cats are worried and killed by bull-terriers within a certain time, to show the training of the dog, and rats are hunted round the pit for the same purpose.



"In Old Nichols-street, a turning in this district leading off from Shoreditch, we have a specimen of an east-end thieves' street. Its road is rotten with mud and water; its houses are black and repulsive; and at least fifty dark sinister faces look at you from behind blinds and dirty curtains as you pass up the rugged pavement.

"Courts of the filthiest description branch off on either side, filled with the usual dust-heaps, the usual pools of inky water, and the usual groups of children rolling in the dirt. There is a silence about the street and its houses indicative of the character of the place. The few trades that are carried on are in most cases merely masks—industry is the exception, robbery is the rule. Even here, as in all these places, there is something to admire. A woman, who works at box-clump-making, with her husband, has picked an orphan boy from the streets, and given him a place amongst her own children. His father was a porter at one of the markets, and died suddenly in the midst of his work. The boy was tossed about for many days, fighting hard for food, until he found a home with people who were nearly as poor as himself. Many cases of such self-sacrifice, such large-hearted generosity, may be easily found amongst the poor. The cases of heroic endurance under the most frightful trials are even more frequent, and they make us respect these poor creatures even in their dirt and rags.

"The Rev. Mr. Trevitt is unceasing in his labours within his own district, and he has called round him an efficient staff of assistants. He has about forty visitors who watch over the poor, and he draws about £80 per annum from the Metropolitan District Visiting Society. He has two ragged schools, which collect about 700 children; two national schools, which collect about 250 more; and an infant school, which gathers about 100 infants. His Sunday schools are attended by about 800 children, who have to work during the week, and his evening schools are generally attended by about 80 of the same class.

"There is no public soup-kitchen, but the usual miscellaneous distribution at the parsonage, according to means. Mr. Trevitt looks sharply after the many hungry children in his district, and often has a soup-dinner for these alone. A few days ago, a thin sickly man came to the parsonage door, and asked to be admitted amongst the children. He was told that this was against the rules, and he went away in tears. He was called back before he had crawled out of the street; he crept in, like a poor dog, and was seated with the little ones. His case was inquired into, and it turned out that he was one of the most wretched of that very wretched class, an hospital 'incurable.' He had been turned out by the doctors a few weeks before, had been tossed about the streets unable to work, and was dying from starvation. His case may be only one out of thousands.

"There is a maternity society in the St. Philip's district, to lend necessities for child-birth, and an excellent industrial school (built and presented to the district by Mr. Edward Thornton, at a cost of £3000), where girls and women are taught needle-

work. The penny bank, in 1860, showed receipts to the amount of £900, and this is the poorest of the Bethnal Green parishes."

### CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

EVERY visitor to Philadelphia, and every reader of books of travel in America, must be familiar, by name at least, with Girard College. It is not my intention at present to describe this splendid edifice, which is really one of the wonders of the New World. It surpasses in beauty the pride and ornament of the Parisian Boulevards, the Church of the Madeleine, to which it bears in form some resemblance; for both were fashioned after the same ancient model. But the material of the American building is the purest white marble, the sheen of which, on a sunny day, dazzles the spectator. Well, yonder comely building—its stately walls, its graceful columns, its noble pediment, its rich cornices, and its massive roof, all constructed of the costliest marble, upon which wealth and genius have lavished all their resources—is, after all, nothing but a splendid monument to the virtues of the newspaper advertisement.

The founder of this college, Stephen Girard, was of humble origin, and, like many other men who have risen to eminence in almost every department of life, had a severe struggle with poverty at the commencement of his career. But out of this struggle he came victorious; and when he had once succeeded in acquiring a small fund wherewith to operate, he made such skilful use of it—threw so much energy into his business, and displayed such rare sagacity in the conduct of his speculations—that he soon found himself on the road to fortune. With great ability he subsequently turned to account the facilities which his improved position put within his reach. By continuing to exercise these qualities, which had at first assured his prosperity, and by the use of the same rigid economy which he had all along practised, he gradually accumulated enormous wealth, estimated at about twenty millions of dollars, and enjoyed, at his decease, the much coveted distinction—alas for the weakness of human nature that it should be so!—of *dying the richest man in the whole community.*

But Girard himself—and this is the point to which I would direct special attention, as justifying the above whispered statement—attributed his great success chiefly to the system of advertising, which he early adopted, and persisted in throughout his commercial career. In a remarkable document addressed by him to merchants, and to traders generally, he dwells upon this as the source of his prosperity; and he urges them to go and do likewise, by recapitulating the advantages which he had found to result from thus reminding the public of their wants, in connexion with his own ability to supply them. He counsels them to advertise *widely and constantly*; frequently to change their advertisements, in order to keep up the attention of the public, and to give them a favourable idea of the progress of their business; and above all, not to withdraw their advertisements *when times are*

bad, for the purpose of saving the cost of them. He advises them rather to multiply than to diminish the number of their announcements at such periods, and thus to endeavour to draw customers to their stores, under the impression that they will there "hear of something to their advantage." He assures his brother traders, in conclusion, that, by following this advice, they will undoubtedly command success; and that, in return for the outlay to the printer, they may expect to reap a reward similar to that which he himself enjoyed.

Whether the citizens of the United States are well acquainted with these counsels I cannot say; but certain it is that all classes among them fully realize the value of the practice which they inculcate. This accounts for the existence of a vast number of newspapers (*so called*) throughout the country, which, but for the support derived from their advertisements, would speedily perish: for, as *newspapers*, most of them are utterly worthless and contemptible; while they serve to keep in circulation an immense amount of literary garbage, with which the people have learned to be content, and consequently do not seek after any more wholesome aliment. They are, therefore, to that extent, a nuisance rather than a benefit, and of a kind, too, that one would wish to see abated. The only merit of these publications consists in their offering to traders a cheap and efficient medium of laying before the public any announcements they may wish to make on business matters; and, in doing this, they confer a benefit both upon them and upon the community at large. As *advertising sheets* they obtain an amount of patronage which is really astonishing, and their aggregate receipts, from this source alone, must be enormous. Immense sums are expended annually by individual tradesmen—among whom the proprietors of quack medicines claim special mention, in advertising their wares; and it is therefore unquestionable that they find their account in so doing. It is curious to observe the ingenious devices to which, under the pressure of competition, many of them resort, in order to attract attention to their announcements. For instance, in glancing your eye over the columns which are devoted to items of general intelligence, you see a paragraph headed "Awful calamity! over sixty lives lost!" or else "Great battle! 500 shot dead!" Instantly you begin to tremble, in anticipation of some heart-rending or exciting tale; and you proceed to scan the passage with a nervous anxiety, to find out how the former occurred, and where the latter was fought. But you soon discover that you are miserably "sold." You find, to your ineffable disgust, that the "awful calamity" was the result of the use of a certain invaluable worm lozenge, and that the "great battle" was fought in the intestines of some wretched infant, and that it resulted in the total destruction of 500 troublesome pests, by the well-directed fire of a celebrated "dead-shot worm candy."

On turning to another part of the paper, you find a column filled, from top to bottom, with a series of repetitions, in small capitals, of "The what is it! The what is it! The what is it!" and, on searching for an explanation of this enigmatical phrase, you find that it is the designation of an, as yet, unnamed

and unclassified animal, which has been recently received from the interior of Africa, by the great Barnum, and which, as being undoubtedly the greatest wonder in all creation, he invites you to call and see, at his museum in Broadway, New York. In the next paper that you take up, you find that one of the first publishers in the city just mentioned, has resorted to a similar device, only on a much more extensive scale, in order to make known the existence of a book which he has just issued from the press. In the upper left-hand corner of one of its pages, you read a notice—occupying from ten to fifteen lines—of the book in question; and you fancy you catch a glimpse, as you hurriedly look over the page, of a similar notice in each of the succeeding columns, down to the last, where you certainly see it again in the lower right-hand corner. This strikes you as being rather singular, and induces you to make a further examination, when you find, to your great astonishment, that the *entire page* is covered with that identical notice, without the slightest variation. This will, I dare say, appear to you at first, not only as a novel, but also as an absurd proceeding, on the part of the said publisher; seeing that it involves a very considerable outlay for what, it seems to you, might have been effected quite as well in another and much less costly manner. But you will be disposed to admit, on second thoughts, that you may have made an erroneous estimate on the subject, and that, as the publisher is a shrewd business man, he is likely to have adopted this mode of advertising, as being calculated, better than any other, to insure a rapid sale of the book, and leave him a handsome margin of profit into the bargain. I think you may be quite certain that, were it not so, this large space would have been differently occupied.

There is a clever novelty in the art now under consideration, which is, I believe, the *spécialité*, as the French would call it, of Mr. Bonner, the wide-awake proprietor of the "New York Ledger," and which has effected an extraordinary increase in the circulation of that paper. The "Ledger" is a weekly journal which—so says its heading—is "devoted to choice Literature, Romance, News, and Commerce." In point of fact, however, it is devoted, almost exclusively, to the publication of tales of fiction, some of which possess great merit, while others belong to the "sensation" class. The novelty to which I refer is this. The proprietor selects a striking chapter from one of the best tales in course of publication, and has it inserted, as an *advertisement*, in a large number of papers throughout the United States, appending to it, of course, an intimation that *no more of the tale will appear in those papers, but only in the "N. Y. Ledger,"* which will be supplied to subscribers at the trifling charge of two dollars per annum! The tempting bait which is thus widely scattered, is as readily swallowed, and brings many a fish to Mr. Bonner's hook, in the shape of new subscribers—to that gentleman's great profit, and, as we may hope, to their own advantage likewise; since some of the very best American writers—Edward Everett, for example—are among the regular contributors to this interesting journal.

But I find that I am straying too far from my

original  
steps.  
States,  
instruc  
column  
under

I there  
cimeres  
hoping  
and pe  
terpris  
some a

Her  
Herald  
opinion  
and ec  
among  
of this  
It is se  
under  
above-  
that a  
appear

"RMA  
world,  
Wellin  
who tru  
journey  
and who  
is the o  
Arabian  
and are  
gifted a  
respecta  
Avenue

Her  
gree o  
"City  
are m  
if they

"Not  
on moti  
mittee  
Comete  
parties,  
the same

We  
papers  
adopt  
doubt  
Englis  
her de  
logy o  
accor  
mother  
plain,  
with o

"PE  
like for  
would t  
First A

The  
exerci  
for di  
are th  
public  
follow  
tender  
adver

original design, and must therefore retrace my steps. In the course of a recent tour in the United States, I have derived much amusement, and some instruction, from an examination of the advertising columns of the numerous papers which have fallen under my notice. From the mass of matter which I there perused I was in the habit of culling specimens; a few of which I propose now to transcribe, hoping that they will at least amuse my readers, and perhaps even entitle me to the thanks of enterprising advertisers among them, for furnishing some available hints for their future use.

Here, to begin with, is one from the "New York Herald," which does not give us a very favourable opinion of the intelligence of the more wealthy and educated inhabitants of the "Empire City," among whom, I am credibly informed, the patrons of this class of advertisers are chiefly to be found. It is selected from ten similar announcements, which, under the head of "Astrology," appeared in the above-named journal on a single day. I may add, that a greater or less number of these notices appear in its columns on each day of publication.

"**READ THIS!** A Phrenologist and Astrologist that beats the world, and 5000 dollars reward, for any one who can equal Miss Wellington, who is acknowledged to be the only lady in this city, who truthfully gives information concerning losses, lawsuits, journeys, absent friends, love, courtship, marriage, health, wealth, and who will reclaim drunken and unfaithful husbands. Miss W. is the only person in this city who has the genuine Roman and Arabian talismans for love, good luck, and all business affairs, and are guarantees for life! Delay not to consult this naturally-gifted and beautiful young lady. Lucky numbers given! Highly respectable city references to be seen, at her residence, 101, Sixth Avenue, opposite Eighth Street."

Here is another, which indicates a wonderful degree of confidence in their own powers, among the "City Fathers" of New York. The aldermen who are mentioned therein, must know a thing or two, if they are able to carry out their instructions.

"**NOTICE.**—At the last meeting of the Common Council it was, on motion, ordered, that Aldermen Bryant and Norris be a Committee for preparing a notice, to parties now occupying lots in the Cemetery, unpaid for, and to cause such notice to be served on such parties, requesting them to call for deeds of such lots, and to settle for the same."

We occasionally see advertisements in English papers, which notify that somebody is anxious to adopt "a fine healthy child;" but I very much doubt whether any example could be cited of an English mother having expressed, in this manner, her desire to get rid of her offspring. The phraseology of the following is worthy of note, meaning, according to its grammatical construction, that the mother herself wishes to adopt a child, while it is plain, from what follows, that she wishes to part with one.

"**PERSONAL.**—A Young Woman, having lost her Husband, would like for adoption a healthy little boy, 13 months old, to a lady who would take care of him as her own. Call for three days at 289, First Avenue; top floor."

There is a large class of persons who are much exercised in mind as to the best mode of treatment for dilatory debtors. Let me recommend all who are thus afflicted to try the effect of a gentle, but public remonstrance, somewhat in the style of the following one; and to imitate, more especially, that tender regard for the feelings of debtors, which the advertisers manifest at its close, in not threatening

theirs, in express terms, with the lawyer and bailiff. I would also point out to them, as eminently worthy of imitation, the nice adherence to truth, which is betokened by the subtle change of the word "need," which occurs in it, into the word "want," which follows in the next member of the sentence.

"**FAIR PLAY** is what we ask, and nothing more. We leave it to you to say whether you have paid us your bills as you agreed, or not. Now friends, coming to the point, we must have our money. It is not necessary for us to say that we need it; it is sufficient to say that we want it, and expect it, and have been for some time, and we find that 'expects' will not pay debts, or buy bread and meat. Our notes and book accounts will be found at J. H. Snedaker's old stand, until the 20th instant. All notes and accounts not paid by that time, we shall proceed to collect immediately."

"BRAFFORD AND WILES."

"Ripley, April 12, 1860."

From my next specimen, churchwardens, and likewise Dissenting deacons, may learn the proper course to be taken with those who neglect to pay their pew-rents. "Gentlemen," they should say to all such persons, "if you really won't pay up, we must resort to the newly-discovered American remedy—publicity! This we shall do with great reluctance, but, at the same time, with the earnest hope that it will cure, quickly and permanently, the serious evil of which we have had so often to complain."

"**NOTICE** is hereby given that George W. Clinton has made default in the payment of the sum, which has been duly assessed by the Vestry of Trinity Church, for the purpose of paying the annual Salary of the Rector, and for the contingent expenses of the said church, upon the pew, No. 51, in the church edifice, at the corner of Mohawk and Washington Streets; part of which sum became due, 12 months before the publication of this notice:

"And that, by reason of such default, the said pew, of the above-named G. W. Clinton, will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the said Church, on the 14th day of Sept. 1860, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

"DENNIS BOWEN, Attorney."

"Buffalo, June 21, 1860."

There is an advertisement which will touch a chord in the hearts of a much enduring class, that of book-lenders! And if only a tithe of its injured members imitate the example which is here given them, of offering a reward—which, however, they have no intention of paying—for the recovery of their property, it may safely be predicted that the newspapers will never lack advertisements, nor their proprietors dividends, whatever may be the fate of the unhappy sufferers.

"**FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.**

"The present locality of a copy of Longfellow's 'Hyperion,' belonging to me, is beyond my knowledge. As it contains something besides the context, interesting only to myself, I want it. Will somebody return it, and oblige

"AUG. F. HARVEY."

"Nebraska City, Feb. 27th, 1860."

It is a good thing to be provided with a test for determining accurately whether the meat pies, of which you are so fond, are made of *bona fide* mutton and veal, or of choice pieces from the carcass of some "old dog Tray" or sturdy Grimalkin, recently defunct; whether the basin of savoury food, with which you sometimes indulge yourself at the cook-shop, is really made of ox tails, or of horse tails, supplied by the nearest knacker's establishment. That there is such a test, you may easily convince yourself by a perusal of the following.

"**HE BATS THEM HIMSELF!!**

"One of the safest rules in selecting an eating-house, is to watch what the proprietor eats. We have watched Saunders, of



the branch restaurant in Wyeth's Hall, for a long time; and, after a vigilant surveillance, are prepared to say that *he eats his own oyster soup!* We are satisfied that it is faultlessly clean, and if it is clean and savoury, everything else in the place is—that's certain! Do you take the hint, reader?

"Harrisburg, *Mch.* 13th, 1860."

Here is an orthographical curiosity for the reader. Its appearance in these pages is, necessarily, tame and common-place; but set out, as it was in the "Ogdensburgh Journal," in all the glories of bold and ornamental type, its aspect was very singular and attractive.

"Grate inducements now offerd two awl wointing Good dri Would, Gese Fethers, Cuthers ov Strau, Ould Ore, Nu Stouvs, Glas Wear, Yankey Noshuns, Siaturn Pumps, Led Piep, Tabul Nives, &c. &c. &c., at the Tin Wear and Stouve Hemporium, Nos. Won and Too, Higbee's Block."

Who will imagine, as he quietly reads the following, that violence is about to be done to his feelings by snatching him away from the pleasant field of classic allusions and the sublime heights of philosophic reflection, and plunging him into the depths of a tea-chest? It is true that a profoundly speculative mind may be able to perceive a connexion between a wine-pot and the said tea-chest, but I am afraid that it is not sufficiently obvious to make the transition from the one to the other, otherwise than painful to an ordinary mind. It is probable that this advertisement turned out to be a failure in a commercial point of view, for it would seem that the mind of the reader must be so pre-occupied with the former part of it, as completely to overlook the very brief business notice with which it closes.

"DIOGENES, the famous Athenian Philosopher, is commonly said to have lived in a tub. This he never did; his lodging was in a large clay pot—one of the Amphore in which the ancients kept their wine. Not content with the simplicity of his dwelling, the Philosopher chose a cracked pot, to show how little a man really wanted to shield him from the weather. Turned on its side, his earthen vessel formed a kennel, into which he crept, and from the mouth of which he looked out on the world, and mocked at its vanity and folly. The cynical philosophy of Diogenes survived him, and has found many disciples in our own day. They do not live in leaky wine-pots, but, generally, in as comfortable lodgings as they can afford; still, they are as faithful to their master's teachings, in being hard and bitter on everybody but themselves, as ever was Diogenes in his tub. Dog-in-the-manger-like, they will not succeed themselves, nor permit any one else to. Our Motto is to buy our 50 and 60 cent teas, at J. Hughes' Family Grocery Store, Lorimer Avenue.  
"July 28, 1860."

The following specimen of fine writing is much too good to be omitted. I venture to think that the reader has not seen, for many a day, a choicer example of bathos than the one which is here presented to his notice.

"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently, that knows no waking, in its house of clay; and the window-shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of Melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy blackness, and are very willing to flaxey clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of things when physic may be thrown to the dogs," etc., etc., etc.

After four or five times the amount of preface like this, the advertisement thus concludes:—

"There is only one stimulant which never fails, and yet never intoxicates. It is LACTONAH, the great medicine of the age—sold at 4, Union Square, New York. Lactonah has raised men from the grave, has saved them from a drunkard's doom, and is a sure remedy for intemperance! Lactonah puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart maybe—into which the skylark, Happiness, always goes singing!"

## VARIETIES.

**RARA AVIS.**—On a fine morning in the month of May, as I was strolling through an unfrequented lane, my attention was drawn to a singular object to my eyes, a white bird among a flock of chaffinches. My curiosity was much excited, and I made inquiries of a couple of rustics who happened to come up. I only met with a stupid stare, and a disclaiming of their having noticed the small object, which was certainly no common one. By and by I was more successful. A young urchin from a neighbouring farm-house confessed to having seen the bird, and finally undertook to guide me to, what he affirmed, was its nest. Great, indeed, was my delight when, in confirmation of his promise, he showed me, ensconced in an old whitethorn tree, a chaffinch's nest, and, sitting in it, a small white bird. The chaffinch is familiar to every one, and I have no doubt that even the most callous schoolboy who ever robbed a nest, must have regarded with some admiration the exquisite structure of moss and hair, coated tastefully with lichen, which it prepares as the nursery for its brood. After having watched for some days, without clearly arriving at any conclusion as to the genus of the little bird, so rare, yet so quite at home, I at last arrived, in my own mind, at one—that it was nothing else than a chaffinch, turned on the world in a novel garb. Conjecture changed to conviction, when, on the ninth day of visiting the locality, I detected the male bird perched close to the nest. The female reared her brood successfully (none of which, as far as I could detect, partook of her peculiar coat), and some time after came bodily into my possession, the juvenile before mentioned having made her prisoner on a limed switch. I put my little curiosity into a cage. She was in a short time perfectly reconciled to her confined domicile, ate hemp-seed out of my hand, and afforded an interesting specimen to the few admirers of nature's freaks, with whom I meet in that locality. It was delightful to witness the assured air and confidence with which my bird used to hop through the open door of the cage, strut on the table, and pick up seeds, morsels of bread, etc. Being obliged to leave the county, I offered the bird to any person who would prize it sufficiently to engage to attend to its few wants, with the intention of proving to any of the curious in such matters the existence of a common bird so curiously garbed. The Natural History Society at Belfast accepted the treasure, and to those interested in such specimens, my "Albino" chaffinch has never ceased to be an object of interest and curiosity.—E. G., *Barracks, Fermoy.*

**RESULTS OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.**—Christianity now has its monuments in every Pagan country. It has transformed character, morally, socially, politically. We can now point to these monuments, and challenge investigation for the divine original of our religion. It has refined, elevated, purified character. It has done in a few short years what the wisest and most refined systems of idolatry and oriental philosophy have not begun to do in as many centuries. We can point to living illustrations of the power of the gospel; how it has gone up to the springs of moral corruption, and cast in the salt there. We can point to individuals, to families, to communities, nations, that have been transformed, civilized, elevated, and radically improved by the simple power of the gospel. This is the lever of Providence, by which to overthrow the whole pagan world, and on its mouldering ruins to rear the beautiful superstructure of his everlasting truth. The blind votaries of idolatry are not so blind as not to see this, and not so disingenuous as not sometimes to acknowledge it. "We look," says a Sandwich Islander, "at the power with which the gospel has been attended in effecting the entire overthrow of idolatry among us, and which we believe no human means could have induced us to abandon." In like manner, a Hindoo Brahmin is made to pay the same unwilling homage to the truth, when, on hearing the gospel preached, he said, "Nothing can stand before the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ."  
—*The Hand of God in History.*